

BIG 52 PAGES OF EXCITING ADVENTURES IN FULL COLOR

# WESTERN HERO

A Fawcett Publication

APR. NO. 101



TEX RITTER



TOM MIX



MONTE HALE



GABBY HAYES



10¢

IN THIS ISSUE:  
**THE  
RED COAT  
BRIGADE!**



The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LOU WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS  
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GARRY HAYES WESTERN  
CAPT. MARVEL JR • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY  
ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

*W. A. Fawcett, Jr.* President



**T**EN THOUSAND LAND-HUNGRY PIONEERS WERE LINING UP ON THE EDGE OF THE ROARING RIVER COUNTRY! AT NOON THE STARTING GUN WOULD SET OFF THE MAD STAMPEDE AS THE NEW TERRITORY WAS OPENED FOR SETTLEMENT! BUT BEFORE THAT GUN WAS FIRED, THERE WAS A DANGER—CROWDED TRAIL FOR TEX RITTER TO RIDE WITH A FIGHT TO THE FINISH WAITING FOR HIM AT THE END OF THE STAMPEDE FOR LAND!

ONE AFTERNOON TEX RITTER AND HIS FAITHFUL DOG, FURY, MOVE DOWN THE TRAIL INTO BUFFALO GAP!

WHEN THAT TOWN IS SURE PACKED WITH PEOPLE! I RECKON THEY'RE ALL HERE FOR THE LAND RUSH DAY AFTER TOMORROW!



COME ON, FURY! WE'VE GOT TO LOCATE THE LAND COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE! SINCE WE'RE ON SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT, I'LL JUST PUT THIS RANGER BADGE AWAY!



SOON ---

THAT'S RIGHT, COWBOY, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS PICK OUT THE SHELL WITH THE PEA UNDER IT AND WIN YOURSELF SOME EASY MONEY!

SAY, THAT TINHORN IS ABOUT TO FLEECE THAT COWBOY WITH THE OLD SHELL GAME!



I'VE GOT FIFTY DOLLARS THAT SAYS IT'S UNDER THE SHELL 'N THE MIDDLE!

SAVE YOUR MONEY, MISTER! THIS GAME IS CROOKED!



AND YORE BUSINESS, STRANGER!

JUST AS I THOUGHT! THERE'S NOTHING UNDER ANY OF THOSE SHELLS!



THIS HONNOR PALMED THE PEA JUST AS HE WAS SWITCHING SHELLS! HERE, LOOK!

OWW!



WHAM



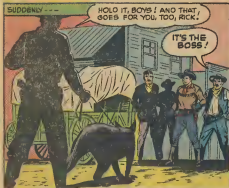
BUT THE WARRANT HAS FRIENDS IN THE CROWD, AND---

COME ON, FURY! JOIN THE FUN!

BAM

AAARRR!





SHORT TIME LATER, AFTER TEX HAS REPORTED TO THE LAND COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE, HE HEARS OF REAL TROUBLE BREWING!

THERE'S A PLOT AFOOT TO CORRAL THE BEST LAND AND WATER RIGHTS FOR A BIG SYNDICATE AS SOON AS THE ROARING RIVER TERRITORY IS OPENED UP, TEX!

BUT NO ONE IS ALLOWED INTO THE TERRITORY UNTIL THE STARTING GUN IS FIRED!



WE'VE HAD WORD THE SYNDICATE HAS A GANG HINGING OUT ILLEGALLY IN THE NEW TERRITORY! MY MEN HAVE BEEN SEARCHING FOR THEM FOR WEEKS WITHOUT RESULTS!



WHEN THE STARTING GUN IS FIRED THAT BUNCH WILL BE STAKING THEIR CLAIMS TO THE BEST LAND BEFORE THE FIRST SETTLERS ARE OVER THE LINE! AFTER THEY'VE REGISTERED THEIR CLAIMS, THEY'LL TURN THE LAND OVER TO THE HEAD OF THE SYNDICATE--- GUS HAWKS!



YES, GUS IS THE BIGGEST GAMBLER IN THESE PARTS! HE AND HIS LIEUTENANT, RICK! BUT THERE'S STILL TIME TO STOP THEM, IF ONLY WE COULD LOCATE THAT ILLEGAL HIDE-OUT!

SAY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! LISTEN...



THE NEXT AFTERNOON ---

FIGHT! HIT HIM AGAIN!

SURE IS A FINE SCRAP GOING ON IN THE ALLEY, RICK!

WELL, THANKS FOR TELLING ME! NOTHING I LIKE BETTER THAN WATCHING A GOOD FIGHT!



AS RICK PUSHES THROUGH THE CROWD ---

HE PULLED A KNIFE! THE MAN'S BEEN SABOTED!

HERE, HOWARE, HOLD THIS KNIFE FOR ME!

WHO, ME? BUT--



RICK HEADS FOR THE STREET, BUT SUDDENLY, THE ALLEY IS FULL OF LAWMEN!

THIS MAN'S DEAD!

DROP THAT KNIFE, RICK! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

BUT I--- I DIDN'T DO IT! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME!



MEANWHILE ---

THAT CLERK OF MINE HAD THAT STABBING ACT REHEARDED TO PERFECTION! YOUR PLAN FOOLED RICK CORBIN COMPLETELY!

THAT'S ONLY THE FIRST STEP, RICE! IT'S THE SECOND PART OF MY PLAN THAT'S MOST IMPORTANT!



THE SHERIFF'S GOING TO ALLOW RICK TO ESCAPE THIS EVENING! IF EVERYTHING WORKS OUT YOU SHOULD BE TRAILING HIM TO THE GANG'S SECRET HIDE-OUT BY SUNUP!

FINE! I'LL LEAVE FURY HERE IN YOUR CARE! HE HURT HIS SHOULDER IN THAT FIGHT WE HAD WITH HAWK'S MEN THIS MORNING!



LATE THAT NIGHT, A SHADOW SLIPS OUT OF THE SIDE DOOR OF THE JAIL LEFT OPEN BY ACCIDENT!

THERE HE GOES, RICE! HE CAN'T AWAY THAT HORSE WE'VE GOT PLANTED IN THE BACK ALLEY!

YOU TAKE OVER NOW, TEX! BUT REMEMBER, THE STARTING GUN GOES OFF AT NOON TOMORROW!



COME ON, WHITE FLASH! KEEP HIM IN SIGHT!



THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT, TEX DOGGEDLY FOLLOWS THE SHADOWY TRAIL OF THE FUGITIVE! AND AT LAST, IN THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN--



SAY, THAT HOMBRE'S DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR!



HE WAS AT THIS BOULDER WHEN I...WAIT! THERE'S A TRAIL GOING BACK INTO THE BRUSH! COME ON, WHITE FLASH, I'VE GOT A HUNCH WE'VE DISCOVERED SOMETHING!



THERE'S A PASS THROUGH THAT CLIFF FACE! FROM THE MAIN TRAIL IT LOOKED LIKE A SOLID WALL OF ROCK!



CAUTIOUSLY, TEX SPURS HIS MOUNT THROUGH THE PASS UNTIL---

THIS HIDE-OUT'S PERFECTLY CONCEALED! NO WONDER THE LAND COMMISSIONER'S MEN COULDN'T LOCATE IT!



SUDDENLY--

CONK



I TOLD YOU YOU WERE BEING FOLLOWED, RICK! I SPOTTED THIS HOMBRE FROM THE LOOKOUT ROCK!

HEY, RICK! LOOK AT WHAT I JUST FOUND IN THIS HOMBRE'S POCKET!



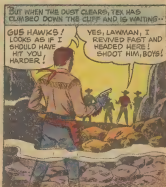
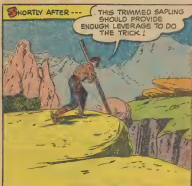


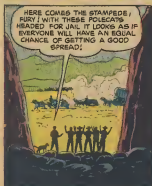


TEX STRAINS EVERY MUSCLE AND SUDDENLY THE ROPES GIVE WAY!





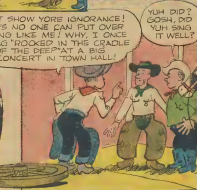
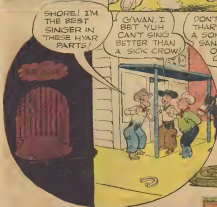
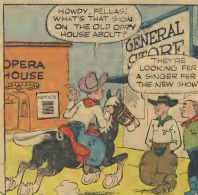




FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF TEX RITTER IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE, TEX RITTER WESTERN, AND IN WESTERN HERO!

# SAGE BRUSH

SINGER OF  
THE SEA!



LISTEN, I SANG "ROCKED IN THE  
CRADLE OF THE DEEP" SO WELL--



# Q&A

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY!  
SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:  
5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT — 4 CORRECT, GOOD —  
3 CORRECT, FAIR — 2 CORRECT, POOR!

1. THE FIRST OUTDOOR BASKETBALL COURT IN FRANCE WAS 100 YARDS LONG.



3. THE WEATHER DECK ON A SHIP IS THE ONE EXPOSED TO THE ELEMENTS.



4. THE UNITED STATES MONETARY SYSTEM WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1792.



2. WASHINGTON CROSSED THE DELAWARE ON DEC. 25, 1776.



5. JAMES BUCHANAN WAS THE 15TH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.



## ANSWERS



## THE WILD WEST AT ITS ADVENTUROUS BEST!

# Rod Cameron western





# GABBY HAYES

in  
**RIGHT**  
*from the*  
**HORSE'S**  
**MOUTH**

IF YOU HARM A HAIR  
OF CORKER'S MANE, I'LL  
FLING YOU FROM HERE TO  
THE RIO GRANDE!

I'LL KILL THIS  
NAG BEFORE HE  
TATTLES ON  
US!



THE PROUDEST POSSESSION  
OF GABBY HAYES, FOREMAN  
OF THE RIO NOTHING  
RANCH, IS HIS GREAT,  
INTELLIGENT HORSE, CORKER!  
BUT EVEN GABBY WAS  
ASTONISHED ONE DAY  
WHEN CORKER STARTED  
TALKING...AND TALKING  
OUT OF TURN, TOO!

ON A SUNNY SUNDAY, GABBY HAYES RIDES INTO  
RAWHIDE TO GAB WITH THE BOYS!

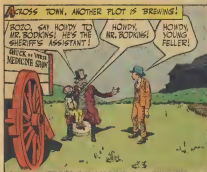


GABBY, RIDING ON PEACEFUL MAIN STREET, IS  
UNWARE THAT THERE'S DIRTY WORK AFOOT INSIDE  
THE WELL'S FARGO OFFICE!

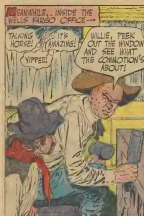
WE COULD CRACK  
THIS TIN CAN IN A  
SECOND WITH SOUP!

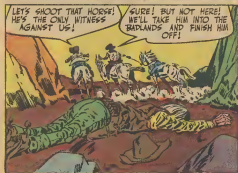
SURE! AND THE NOISE  
WOULD HAVE A POSSE ON  
US IN TWO SECONDS!  
WE'LL TAKE OUR TIME  
AND DO IT QUIETLY!

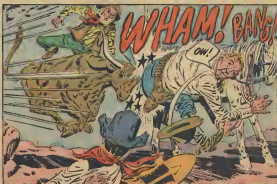


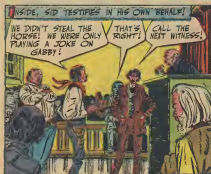
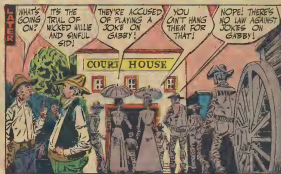


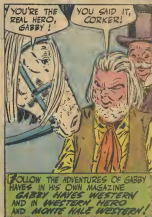
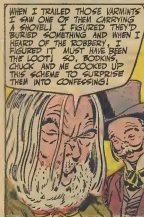
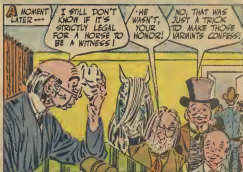
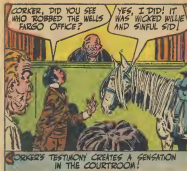














# BAIT FOR GRINGO BAILEY

A Slim Carson Story

By Dick Kraus

**B**ENEATH the glaring sun they rode, five men on horseback, with a pack mule behind. Four of the men rode together in a tight little bunch; their hands were tied behind their backs. Behind these four rode Slim Carson, a stubby carbine lying across his saddle horn. As he rode along, the young border patrolman kept a steady vigil. His keen brown eyes explored the desert on both sides of the rutted trail; piercingly, they questioned every squat boulder, every ocotillo cactus, every steer that munched sparse feed on the range. Slim knew that Gringo Bailey was still on the loose! And, as long as this was true, he was in grave danger.

"Keep moving, you galoots," he ordered sharply, "when he saw one of the riders in front of him begin to slacken his pace. "We aim to reach Eagle Pass by sundown tomorrow!"

The man riding ahead of him twisted his lips in a sardonic grin.

"Kind of in an all-fired hurry, ain't you, Carson," the man taunted. "I sure don't see why. Here you've got me and the other boys all tied up neater than a maverick's carcass at slaughter time! All you have to do is get us to Eagle Pass to deliver to the U. S. Marshal. And you don't have a blessed thing to worry about—"

"—nothing but Gringo Bailey!" one of the other prisoners cut in, chuckling without humor. "You're not worried about a pleasant fellow like him, are you, Carson? Jest because Gringo's following us doesn't mean he'd bother you—"

"Cut the palaver!" Slim Carson interrupted sharply, with a jerk of his carbine! "We're going on to Eagle Pass . . . to the Marshal there! Now, keep riding!"

But, as they rode along the winding trail, with the Rio Grande glinting yellow in the distance, Slim Carson did not feel as confident as he sounded.

It was two days ago that he had heard of the coach holdup at Jackrabbit Falls! Riding at top speed, he had overtaken the fleeing out-

law band that had committed the crime! They were led by Gringo Bailey, a hardened, battle-scarred badman of the border country. Riding and shooting recklessly, the slender young lawman had captured the gunsels—with the exception of the boss outlaw! Bailey himself had fled into the brush and taken cover, cowed by Slim's blazingly accurate fire! Rounding up the other four men, and binding them, the border patrolman had set out to turn them over to the U. S. Marshal at Eagle Pass. Behind them trotted a pack mule, loaded with the loot of the Jackrabbit Falls coach robbery!

But that had been two days ago!

The first night, they had stopped to build a fire and rest. But Slim had not dared to sleep, knowing that Gringo was still out there somewhere. And then, on the second day, Slim's hawk-like eyes had detected another rider—betrayed by hoof-stirred dust. It could be none but Gringo Bailey—

"Riding along," mused Slim to himself. "Watching like a hawk. Waiting . . . waiting for me to fall asleep . . ."

Desperately, he shook his head, realizing the imminent danger that was pressing in on him!

With an effort, the border rider snapped his head up.

"All right," he said hoarsely. "We'll make camp here. Get a little rest! Not sleep! Just rest . . ."

The outlaws grinned at each other as they dismounted clumsily bound hands before them. They had been able to take catnaps while riding; they were still fairly wide awake! But Carson was groggy, almost reeling with lack of sleep!

A fire was quickly built, food prepared and eaten.

Then, as the prisoners stretched out on one side of the fire, Slim propped himself up against a boulder on the other side, carbine across his knee. He would rest for a little while . . . just a little while. He wouldn't sleep; that wouldn't be safe! But, inch by inch, Slim's head dropped forward! In spite of his

efforts, his eyes closed and he began to doze off.

Suddenly, with a sixth sense sending a frantic warning to his brain, Slim Carson awakened, his eyes opening with a gripping awareness of danger!

There were the four outlaws, advancing on him!

They had been creeping up silently—intent on overpowering him in his sleep. He sprang to his feet shouting—"Get back! Get back, less'n you want to eat lead!"

But, even as the four men retreated behind the fire and lay down again, Slim realized that he had no chance! He would fall asleep sooner or later—and, when he did, either the prisoners would get him, or Gringo Bailey would! If only . . .

Then he snapped his fingers!

There was something he could do! And he would have to do it now, while the growing dusk shadowed his movements from the prying eyes of the lurking outlaw out on the prairie. Quickly, he rose, and went to his saddle. Taking a lariat from it, he cut the tightly braided leather rope into short lengths. Then he approached his prisoners.

"Sorry, gents," he said. "Just to make sure you sleep *real* tight—I'll have to tie your legs!" Quickly, he did this, and then bound the prisoners to each other, so they would not be able to crawl at all. Then he ripped a horse blanket into small squares. Again he approached the prisoners. "Got to make sure you don't make any noise—for a while," he said. He stuffed the improvised gags into their mouths, loosely enough so they would be able to breathe, and then stepped back!

"It'll be light in about an hour, when the moon comes up," he said. "Gringo Bailey'll be watching from a distance, and I've got to give him some bait, to make him come in! And what could be more tempting than seeing me —lying here asleep?"

Quickly, he drew another saddle blanket from the pack mules. "Got to make a dummy," he mused. "But what'll I stuff it with?" Then he grinned as the answer came to him. "That'll be perfect . . . just perfect!"

An hour later, the border patrolman lay in a narrow gully, rifle by his side. Around the

campfire lay the outlaws, unable to move or make a sound, because of their gags! On the other side lay what appeared to be a sleeping figure, under a blanket . . .

Slim grinned.

"Perfect bait!" he mused. And then he grinned harder. "And he's falling for it! Here he comes!"

Tensed, he bent forward, watching.

Cautiously, Gringo Bailey was creeping across the prairie toward the campfire. Half-suspecting a trap, the outlaw was being lulled into confidence by the peacefulness of the scene. Closer and closer he came. At last, yards from the fire, the outlaw hesitated. Then, like a savage panther, he sprang forward, gleaming knife uplifted. Viciously, he struck with the knife, plunging it into the lone body by the fire.

At this moment, Slim leaped up, carbine leveled.

"Raise 'em! Get 'em up, Gringo!" he shouted.

Grunting in surprise, Gringo Bailey whirled, hand going for his revolver. But he shot too late! Slim's first bullet lanced through the air and caught him in the shoulder! Gasping in agony, the outlaw sank to the ground.

Slim Carson came up quickly, gun still ready.

But he did not need it, for the outlaw was helpless, writhing in pain. Even as he groaned, Bailey muttered, "You sure fooled me, Carson! What did you have in that dummy?"

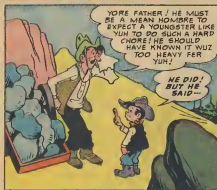
**T**HE lawman's boot caught the edge of the saddle blanket and kicked it up. Suddenly revealed in the moonlight were a pile of greenbacks and money bags.

"The loot from your holdup, Bailey," he said ironically. "You were willing to risk jail to grab it—so I figured it would be good bait to draw you in!"

Then Slim began to yawn. "Hope you'll pardon me," he said, "if I go to sleep, just as soon as I bandage your shoulder! I haven't slept for two days—and I'm tired! Mighty tired . . ."

THE END

*SLIM CARSON'S guns blaze in every issue of WESTERN HERO!*

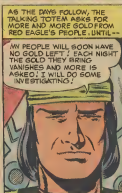




# RED EAGLE *in* THE TALKING TOTEM POLE







THEN, WHILE ONE BANDIT TILTS THE TOTEM---

EASY! THIS THING IS HEAVY!

JUST HOLD IT AND I'LL BE RIGHT OUT! IT'S SURE GOOD TO BREATHE SOME FRESH AIR!

I HAVE SEEN ENOUGH! NOW I WILL DO THE SURPRISING, FOR A CHANGE!

SUDDENLY, RED EAGLE STRIKES!

NOW LET'S PICK UP THE GOLD AND--HEY--  
--UFH!

IT APPEARS YOU TWO DID NOT LEARN YOUR LAST LESSON WELL ENOUGH! THIS TIME I SHALL REALLY TEACH YOU!



NOT SO FAST! THAT'S BETTER, DROP YOUR BLADE! AND NOW YOU SHALL LEAD ME TO WHERE YOU'VE CACHED THE GOLD YOU'VE STOLEN FROM MY PEOPLE!



AS DAWN RISES OVER THE CAMP AND THE PEOPLE WAKEN, THEY FIND---

THEN, RED EAGLE, THEY WERE THE VOICE OF THE TALKING TOTEM!

YES---THEY FOLLOWED OUT THE BOTTOM OF IT AT NIGHT; THEN ONE CRAWLED INSIDE AND ACTED AS THE TOTEM'S VOICE! AT NIGHT HE EMERGED AND TOGETHER THEY GATHERED THE GOLD YOU'D LEFT THAT MORNING!



AND SO, THAT IS THE END OF THE TALKING TOTEM! NEXT TIME, BE NOT SO QUICK TO GIVE AWAY YOUR HARD-EARNED GOLD! NOW I TAKE THESE TWO TO TOWN WHERE THE JAIL IS STRONG!

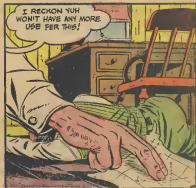
A CHEER FOR RED EAGLE, THE GREATEST CHIEF OF THEM ALL!

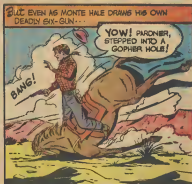
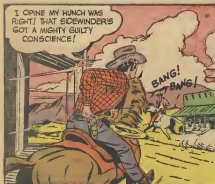
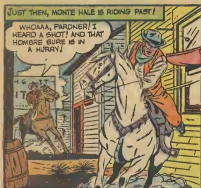




THERE IS NO ESCAPE FOR THE EVIL!

AN OLD INDIAN PROVERB!







THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

HERE'S THE KILLER'S HORSE... AND SUPPLIES! HE CAN'T BE FAR AWAY! I'LL LEAVE PARTNER HERE AND FOLLOW HIS TRAIL!



HMMM! HE MUST HAVE CLIMBED TO THAT ANCIENT TEMPLE! BUT HE DIDN'T LEAVE UNDER HIS OWN POWER!



THESE BROKEN BUSHES SHOW THAT A MAN'S BODY WAS DRAGGED OFF THROUGH THEM! THE ONLY FOOTPRINTS ARE FROM BARE FEET, WITH THE TOES TURNED INWARD! THAT PROVES HE WAS CAPTURED BY INDIANS!



TRAIL-WISE MONTE HALE SOON TRACKS DOWN HIS QUARRY!

ARE YOU IN THERE, MISTER? I CAN'T SAY I'M YOUR FRIEND... BUT I'LL HELP YOU!

YUH WILL?



I'LL DO ANYTHING... ONLY GET ME AWAY FROM THESE INDIANS! LOOK WHAT THEY DID TO ME!

SUFFERING SAGEBRUSH!



THEY'VE SEALED YOU UP IN AN IRON MASK!

I CAN'T EAT OR DRINK! THEY'RE GOING TO LET ME DIE WEARING IT! BUT I KNOW WHERE TO GET THE KEY THAT UNLOCKS IT!

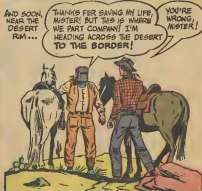
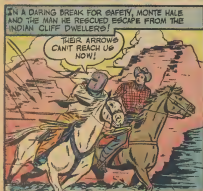
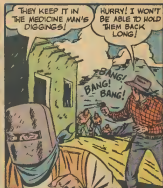


JUST GET ME OUT OF THESE IRON CHAINS!

EVEN A WARMINT LIKE YOU DOESN'T DESERVE TO DIE LIKE THIS!









I TOOK HIS WATER AND SUPPLIES AND IT'S ENOUGH TO GET ME ACROSS THE DESERT!



BUT AS THE BLAZING SUN RISES HIGHER, THE IRON MASK BECOMES A SCORCHING INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE!



AS THE FULL HORROR OF HIS PREDICAMENT BECOMES CLEAR...

I CAN'T GET FOOD OR WATER WHILE I'M WEARING THIS THING! I'VE GOT TO GET IT OFF! I DON'T WANT TO DIE!



MEANWHILE, MONTE WAKENS AND FOLLOWS THE MURDERER'S TRAIL ACROSS THE DESERT!



HE CAN'T BE FAR AWAY, PARDNER! LET'S GO, BOY!

SOON...



THERE HE IS, PARDNER! LET'S HURRY! SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG!

ON A FEW MOMENTS...



I MUST HAVE TAKEN THE WRONG KEY! IT DOESN'T FIT! I COMMITTED MURDER FOR THAT INDIAN TREASURE AND I DIDN'T GET IT! I... OOH!

HE'S DEAD! THE MERCILESS SUN MADE HIS MASK AN OVEN!

LATER...

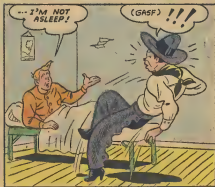
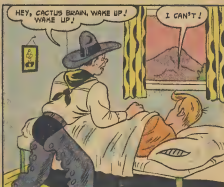
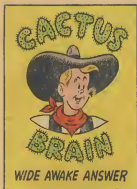


HE PAID FOR HIS CRIME BY DYING A HORRIBLE DEATH!

**THERE IS NO ESCAPE FOR THE EVIL**



FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF MONTE HALE IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE MONTE HALE WESTERN AND IN WESTERN HERO EVERY MONTH!



# TOM MIX and The RED COAT BRIGADE



**THE RED COATS ARE COMING!**

**T**HIS ALWAYS SENT SHIVERS UP A MAN'S SPINE IN REVOLUTIONARY DAYS! THE BATTLE CRY IS HEARD ONCE AGAIN, BUT THIS TIME IN THE OLD WEST, AS TOM MIX CLASHES WITH THE REDCOAT BRIGADE!

OUTSIDE FORK VALLEY —

WE'D BETTER HURRY, HOPPER! THAT'S NO TELLING WHEN THOSE CRAZY REDCOATS

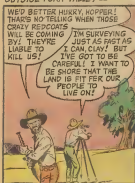
WILL BE COMING BY! THEY'RE JUST AS FAST AS LIABLE TO KILL US! I CAN, CLAY! BUT I'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL! I WANT TO BE SHORE THAT THE LAND IS FIT FER OUR PEOPLE TO LIVE ON!

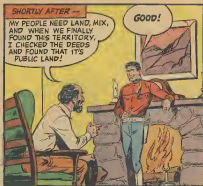
**HYAR THEY COME!**

**TRESPASSERS! DEATH TO THEM!**

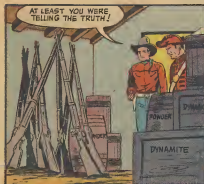
THEY GOT ME IN THE ARM! KEEP RUNNING! I'LL MAKE IT! **RUN!**

**BANG!**



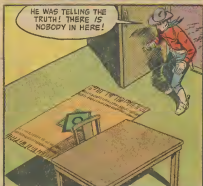




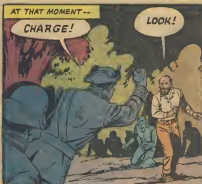














FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF TOM MIX IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE,  
TOM MIX WESTERN, AND IN WESTERN HERO !!

# BIG BOW and LITTLE ARROW in "THE BIG WAGER"

